

The Passing Of Romance

By W. Crawford Sherlock

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"John, I think it is just dreadful."
"What is that, Mary?" Mr. Atkins laid down his paper with an ill suppressed sigh and turned to his wife, who was busily sewing on the opposite side of the table.
"There you are again, John," returned Mrs. Atkins impatiently. "Frowning like a thunder cloud just because I dared to interrupt your reading that evening paper. It's always the same thing. You have become as settled in your ways as if you were sixty. Now, I think it is dreadful to let ourselves get that way when we've only been married fifteen years."
"What would you suggest, dear?" asked her husband, feeling that the only possible hope he had of resuming his paper lay in mild methods. "I have been under the impression that we were rather a model couple."
"Why, we've lost all the romance of life," retorted his wife. "When we first met, and even after we were married, we used to take nice long walks and drives or go to the theater often. Now we don't do anything but sit around in the evenings, you reading your paper and I sewing until bedtime. It is not right."
Mr. Atkins did not reply, neither did he resume his paper. His wife's remarks had awakened memories of pleasant days of long ago, yet, pleasant as those days had been, the present life suited him better. He loved his home. To him it was the oasis where he could come after a strenuous day in the desert of business life. The quiet smoke and the evening paper after supper, when the children were snug in bed, were sources of keen enjoyment. Being a just man, however, he began to consider the other side of the question. His wife had strenuous days, too, in the home, yet evenings brought no change to her, as it did to him. No wonder she yearned for the romance of former days. She must have some relief from the dull monotony of home life, and he resolved to see to it.
Accordingly the next morning Mr. Atkins purchased tickets for the night performance at the theater. Mrs. Atkins just bubbled over with joy at the



SEE CLING TO HER HUSBAND'S ARM AS THEY WALKED DOWN THE STREET.

prospect and became quite girlish as she prepared for the unusual occasion. She clung to her husband's arm as they walked down the street and nestled close to him in the car. The fifteen years of married life were forgotten. The four little Atkinses, slumbering peacefully at home, faded away for the first time in their short lives from their mother's thoughts. Once again was a blushing girl seated by her lover's side.
The first act of the play was finished, and Mrs. Atkins still dreamed. Then a horrible thought forced itself upon her. In her hurry to dress she had forgotten to give Tommy his medicine. The boy had been sick, and the doctor had told her on no account to fail to give the usual dose at night. This was enough. A crowd of thoughts of household cares surged upon her mind. Was little Mary covered up or had she thrown her covers off and the careless nurse failed to replace them? Had she placed the dough in a warm spot so that it would be light enough in the morning to bake? Had the butcher brought the meat for breakfast and the grocer sent the coffee? She could not remember anything pertaining to her home; she had been so hurried in preparing for the theater.
Romance fled for the time being at least. Mrs. Atkins became once more the mother and the housewife. Upon the plea of a headache she whispered her wish to return home, and her husband, weary of the play and hungry for his cigar and a glance at the evening paper, willingly accompanied her.
The following afternoon, in pursuance of his plan, Mr. Atkins hired a horse and buggy to take his wife out for a drive. Mrs. Atkins, having been previously advised of the arrangement, had so provided for her household duties and the care of the children that no perturbation of mind could possibly arise on those scores. With a buoyant heart she got into the buggy and they drove to the park. Mrs. Atkins felt that nothing could possibly mar the enjoyment of this occasion, but she again reckoned without her host. Time, those fifteen years, had changed her from a slender girl to a

rather stout woman, and John had likewise developed into a very corpulent person.

The seat of the buggy was too small for the full enjoyment of the trip. Indeed, it soon became simply torture to Mrs. Atkins as they jolted over some rough places.

"John, I can't stand this any longer," she groaned as the buggy went over a bowlder lying in the road on her husband's side, and his weight pressed her against the side bar of the vehicle so forcibly that she felt sure her hip was dislocated.

"It's pretty rough," assented Mr. Atkins, who was equally as uncomfortable. "Let me slip back, and you sit on the edge of the seat. That'll give us more room."

This arrangement did fairly well for a time until Mrs. Atkins, sitting bolt upright, without any support for her back, began to feel the effects of her strained position. Her husband, thinking only of the days of long ago, placed his disengaged arm around her waist to support her, but his wife decidedly objected.

"It is broad daylight, John," she murmured. "What would people think if they saw us driving in the park in such a way? You forget we are old married people."

"That's what I thought you wanted to forget, Mary," observed her husband, rather relishing the turn affairs had taken.

"So I do," returned Mrs. Atkins severely, "but you know I never allowed you to put your arm around me when any one was present. I think we had better go home."

As they turned into the road that led homeward they noticed a mass of dark clouds that had gathered in the west. Mr. Atkins applied the whip freely, but the liverman had selected a horse suitable for the use of a middle aged couple, and all the efforts at fast driving were in vain. The big drops began to fall, and then the storm broke in all its fury. They were a mile away from shelter, and Mrs. Atkins would not let her husband drive beneath the overhanging branches of a tree for fear of lightning. The rubber laprobe and the side and back curtains had been forgotten by the man who harnessed up the team. The result was unpleasant. A limp, disconsolate couple alighted at the Atkins home just as the storm broke and the sun streamed forth again.

"Mary," said Mr. Atkins the next morning at the breakfast table, "we've tried the theater and the driving, but they didn't seem to bring as keen enjoyment as they did in years past. This evening we'll take a nice, long walk and see how that works."

"Indeed we won't," declared his wife stifling a groan as a twinge of rheumatism made its presence known. "I've had enough, thank you, and, in future, intend to conduct myself as a woman of forty should do. No more playing I'm young and giddy again for me."

"Thank God," returned Mr. Atkins, fervently and piously. "I'm pretty stiff myself from that ducking I got last night, but I was determined to get romantic again if I could."

Energy of Will.

Energy of will is the soul of every great character. Where it is there is resolute character; where it is not there is faintness, with effeminacy, despondency, neglect of duty and failure. "The strong man and the waterfall," says a proverb, "channel their own path."

Clerk's Report.

REPORT of the Clerk of the Circuit Court in and for Bradford county, Florida, on account of Taxes assessed for the year 1905.

G. W. ALDERMAN, Tax Collector.

1905.

COUNTY PROPER.

May 1. To bal due Co Proper fund. \$1250 50
June 1. To bal due. 1217 57

COUNTY SCHOOL.

May 1. To bal due Co School fund. 5162 99
June 1. To bal due. 4871 15

COUNTY POLLS.

May 1. To bal due on county polls. 81 00
June 1. To bal due. 81 00

COUNTY BRIDGE.

May 1. To bal due Co Bridge fund. 4300 05
June 1. To bal due. 248 39

COUNTY BOND.

May 1. To bal due Co Bond fund. 215 09
June 1. To bal due. 202 91

COUNTY BUILDING.

May 1. To bal due Co Building fund. 1075 42
June 1. To bal due. 1014 62

W. T. WEEKS, Clerk.
By W. E. WAINRIGHT, D. C.

How Are You Heeled?
Mentality is marked on the heel. Only those with pronounced brain ability have lines there sharply seen. Others have them as mere markings. If there is a network of small lines upon the heel, it means great versatility. People who draw, paint, play and dabble in the languages have many heel lines. A smooth surface of heel denotes a placid, nonworking brain.

County Treasurer's Report	
FOR MONTH ENDING MAY 31, 1906.	
To the Hon. Board of County Commissioners of Bradford county, Florida.	
I, the undersigned, treasurer of said county, beg leave to submit the following report.	
ON ACCOUNT GENERAL FUND.	
May 1. To amt on hand	\$1001 00
12. To amt rec'd of A. C. Croom	3 00
28. " " G. W. Alderman	80 21
	1144 90
31. By warrants cashed	511 27
31. By balance	633 63
	1144 90
31. To amt on hand	633 63
BRIDGE FUND.	
1. To amt on hand	4656 08
12. To amt rec'd of W. T. Weeks	122 00
28. " " A. C. Croom	12 00
28. " " G. W. Alderman	243 20
	4933 28
31. By warrants cashed	617 00
31. By balance	4316 28
	4933 28
31. To amt on hand	4316 28
FINE AND FORFEITURE FUND.	
1. To amt on hand	761 83
31. To balance	15 72
	857 55
31. By warrants cashed	857 55
	857 55
31. By amt overdrawn	95 72
BOND FUND.	
1. To amt on hand	763 41
12. To amt rec'd of A. C. Croom	2 45
28. " " G. W. Alderman	12 18
	778 04
31. By balance	778 19
	778 19
31. To amt on hand	778 19
BUILDING FUND.	
1. To amt on hand	1383 85
12. To amt rec'd of A. C. Croom	2 45
28. " " G. W. Alderman	60 80
	1447 10
31. By balance	1347 00
	1347 00
31. To amt on hand	1347 00
J. S. GRINER, Treas.	
School Fund.	
To the Hon. Board of Public Instruction of Bradford county, Florida.	
I, the undersigned, treasurer of said county, beg leave to submit the following report for the month ending May 31, 1906, on account School fund:	
May 1. To amt on hand	\$817 01
12. To amt rec'd of A. C. Croom	14 34
18. " " A. C. Croom	1050 21
28. " " G. W. Alderman	365 84
	2347 40
31. By warrants cashed	3116 32
31. By balance	2257 08
	5374 00
31. To amt on hand	2257 08
J. S. GRINER, Treas.	

LAMAR'S

Lamar's Lemon Laxative is the original lemon liver medicine, cures indigestion, constipation and biliousness, arousing the liver to proper healthy action. It never nauseates or gripes, but acts gently and thoroughly.

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50 DOSES—50 CENTS—AT ALL DRUGGISTS

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J. R. DAVIS & CO.,

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Now open and ready for Business.

Some Seasonable Offerings:

**REFRIGERATORS,
ICE CHESTS,
CREAM FREEZERS.**

**NEW
GOODS
Every Day**

**RETURNED
from
NEW York**

**BARGAINS
Worth
Seeing**

The Buyer for the Factory and Mills Syndicate Store has returned after a successful trip, securing the bankrupt stock of

WELMER & JORDAN
649 SMYTHE ST.

Now we are able to give you more values than ever before. Now is the opportunity for every careful buyer to purchase new, seasonable goods for less than wholesale prices. If you need anything in the line of Lawns, Dimities, Silks, Calicos, Ginghams, Madras, Laces, Linens, Embroideries, Ladies' Undergarments, Corsets, Ribbons, Hats, come to this store.

Special Bargains in Men's and Boys' Clothing:
Boys' Worsted Suits, age 6 to 14, for this sale, per suit.....\$1.23
Men's All Wool Pants, all sizes, per pair.....\$1.98
5000 yards of the best Cefrie Gingham, plain and fancy, per yard..... 6c
5000 yards Oil Calicos, best quality, per yard..... 5c
1000 Ladies' Black Parasols..... 49c

THE FACTORY AND MILLS SYNDICATE
G. T. FUDGER, Manager.
J. M. JOHNS BUILDING, STARKE.

F. A. FISHER,

General Merchant
and Agent For

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER CO. MACHINERY.

DIPLOMA

THE
Florida State
Mid-Winter Fair Association Inc.
NOVEMBER 15TH TO 30TH 1905
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For the Best Business Engine for all purposes

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Eastern Bacon, per lb..... .10

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A Full Line of all
Brands of Whiskey.
Barrel Whiskies
\$2 to \$5 per gal.
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\$1 to